Chance

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Chance

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Will returns to the childhood home where he last saw his friend Hannibal.

Inspired by this adorable sketch by the wonderful TC Book

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Will drove around for a while before admitting to himself that his intended location was just a few turns away, and his driving hadn't been aimless as he'd tried to convince himself. He had put it off for quite sometime though, this trip out to the Lecter Estate on the outskirts of Baltimore. When he'd bought the house in Wolf Trap he couldn't deny that it was because of the proximity to his childhood home - the small house on the edge of the Lecter's land. He'd had happy times there, playing with pretty much the only non-canine friend he'd ever had in his life before they'd had to move for his dad's job down to Louisiana.

A month after moving back to the area, Will Graham pulled up outside the house he'd been raised in, where he'd lived when his mum had left, where he'd lived when he made friends with another lonely local boy - Hannibal. They'd bonded in their solidarity against other children - he was shy, awkward and rude, Hannibal was foreign and snobby. He smiled as he remembered the boys they had been. He wondered if somewhere in some dust covered box, the photo of him and Chance - his dog - covered in snow and smiling, still lingered in the Lecter House.

That day was burned in his mind. He had tearfully told Hannibal the news that they had to move. Hannibal had been angry at the situation, tried to come up with ways in which they could stay or he and Will could run away. But in the end Hannibal had given up - seeing how it upset Will. He'd spent the rest of the day trying to cheer him instead - playing in the snow and making antlers for Chance before taking their photo. They had played and laughed, all their troubles forgotten. They had followed Chance into the small wood next to the lake on which Will's father's house sat. Will had pretended they were lost though he knew the way home, Hannibal had held his hand as they tried to find their way back. When they reached the edge of the woods once more Will pulled on Hannibal's hand to stop him, tugging him back and stretching onto tiptoes so that he could kiss the boy's cheek before he ran back to his house, his face burning red.

Will got out of the car and let his dog Winston out. The dog ran immediately into the woods but Will lingered to look at the house. It seemed completely untouched and clearly was no longer occupied if the broken steps to the porch were anything to go by. Didn't look like anyone had moved in after they had moved out. He wondered briefly whether any of the Lecter family still lived at the big house.

He walked in the woods for almost an hour, remembering more of his childhood as he did so. Unsurprised by how many of those memories included Hannibal Lecter.

When he started to drag Winston away from his fun and back to the car, he was wondering whether to drive up to the big house. Maybe that was abandoned too, or perhaps old Mr Lecter was still there. He'd never liked Will, always thought he was a bad influence on Hannibal, when really the opposite was often true. Still, that had been years ago, maybe the man might not have such a disliking for him now. Maybe another day. He might need to work up to that, work up to asking what had become of Hannibal. He'd no doubt gone to an Ivy League college and was a doctor or lawyer or something equally impressive.

"You're trespassing." The words that greeted his emergence from the woods, were cold and hard. Even so the accent was undoubtedly that of one of the Lecter's. He looked around and

found the voice belonged to a man standing next to his car.

“Sorry. I used to live here... do you live in the-” he was interrupted.

“Will?” The tone was excited, warm, happy - a stark contrast to before.

“Hannibal?” He ventured cautiously as he walked towards the car. He could see it now, the neat, prim and proper sense of dress was not unlike how Hannibal’s parents had dressed him for special occasions as a child. His face was strikingly handsome whilst keeping a resemblance to the slightly drawn look he’d had as a child. Will felt his heart jump.

“Will!” Hannibal stepped forward, closing the space between them and enveloping him into a hug. Will was startled by the sudden action, but damn the man smelt good. “I missed you. I can’t believe you’re here!”

“I...” Will wasn’t able to reply, he tried to push back a little to release the embrace but it only loosened a little, enough to allow him to pull back enough so that their faces were slotted to each other’s necks. Will could feel Hannibal’s racing pulse and wondered if Hannibal could feel his.

“You’re visiting?”

“Yeah, I moved to Wolf Trap, just checking out the old place. You?”

“Visiting my parents, I live in the city. Saw the car drive down the road and came to investigate.”

“You’re a cop?” Will asked with a laugh at the mention of investigating.

“Good lord no, doctor. You?”

“Cop.” Will laughed.

Hannibal laughed and Will felt his skin heat next to his cheek. He tried to move back again, but was still held tight.

“Family?”

“Dad's still in Louisiana - retired.”

“I mean...”

“Oh, no. Single. Still pretty socially incompetent.” Will huffed a laugh. “You?”

Hannibal didn’t answer, instead he loosened his grasp a little more and pulled back enough to press his lips to Will’s. Tentatively at first, no more than a peck, and then Will opened to him and Hannibal was kissing him deeply. After a minute they both pulled back panting and trying to catch their breath.They both laughed, Hannibal seemed as flushed as Will felt.

“Sorry, you ran off before I could kiss you back, I didn’t want to give you the chance to do that again.” Hannibal smiled.

Will laughed "well... I think if you want to do that again you might need to buy me dinner first.” He flirtatiously affected the southern accent he had picked up after he’d moved away.

Hannibal looked delighted - “Are you free for lunch?”

“I certainly am.” Will replied, leaning back against the car and pulling Hannibal to him and into another kiss that seemed to have been years in the waiting.

End Notes

TC went on to fill my heart with fluff by also drawing the kiss at the end of this fic

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